

Andante Sostenuto.

Jerusalem. L. M.

Arranged from Haydn. 18

Verses. *Chorus.*

1. O, stay thy tears; for they are blest, Whose days are past, whose toil is done: Here mid-night care disturbs our rest; Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2. How blest are they whose transient years, Pass like an evening meteor's flight: Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears; Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3. O, cheerless were our lengthened way; But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom; Streams downward from eternal day, And casts a glory round the tomb.

4. O, stay thy tears, the blest a-love, Have hail'd a spir-it's heavenly birth, And sung a song of joy and love; Then why should anguish reign on earth?

Organ. *Voice*

Pav. L. M.

1. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue. While nature all around your songs? O for a shout from old and young, From humble swains and lofty kings.

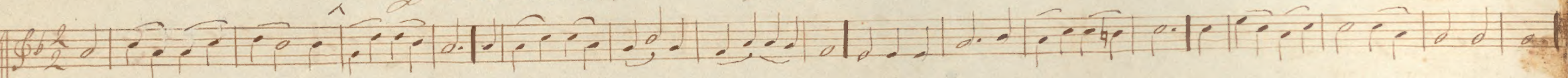
2. Wide as ^{his} vast do-min-ion lies, Make the Cre-a-tor's name be known: Loud as his thunders shout his praise, And sound it lofty as his throne.

3. Je-ho-sah: tis a glo-rious word: O may it dwell on ev-ry tongue: But saints who best have known the Lord, Are bound to raise the noblest song.

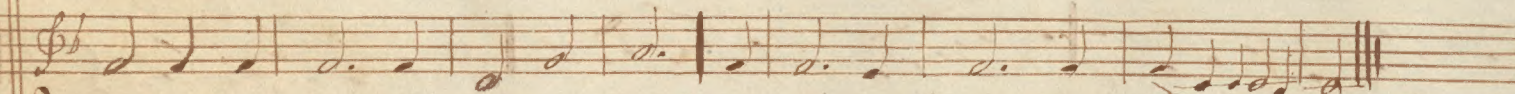
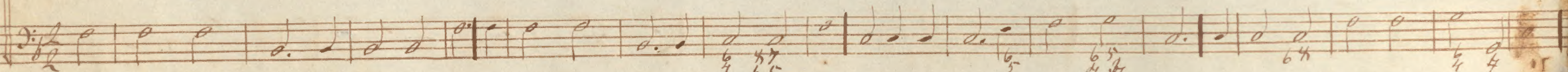
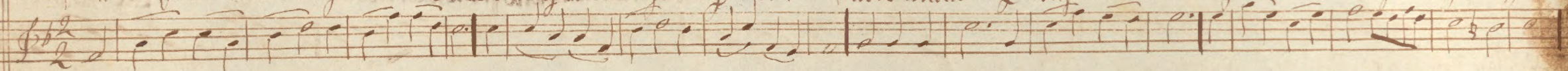
4. Speak of the wonders of that love, Which Gabriel plays on ev-ry chord: From all be-low and all a-love, Loud hal-le-lu-jah to the Lord.

Springville. L. M. 6 Lines.

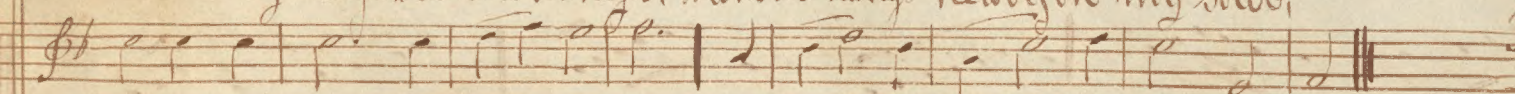
Walt.



1. Up to the fields where angels lie And living waters gently roll. Fain would my thoughts ascend on high; But sin hangs heavy on my soul.



Fain would my thoughts ascend on high; But sin hangs heavy on my soul.



2. O, might I once mount up and see,
The glories of the eternal skies.
How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!

3. Great, all in all, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing,
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace!

Brookfield. L. M.

Billings.

Handwritten musical score for the first system of 'Brookfield. L. M.' The music is written on two staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the bass line is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

More ho-ly wise or just than he!

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood, Con-tend with their cre-a-tor God? Shall mor-tal worms pre-sume to be.

Ninety-Seventh Psalm.

Tuckey.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of 'Ninety-Seventh Psalm.' The music is written on two staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the bass line is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade, His dawning glory shroud in state: Justice and Truth his guards are made, And fixed by his po-er-ty-on, wait.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King. To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing To show thy love, by morning light

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest: No mortal care shall fill my breast: O, may my heart, in tune be found,

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord. And bless his works, and less his word: His works of grace, how bright they shine!

4. And I shall a glorious part. When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Verse.

Chorus I. I.

And talk of all thy truth at night: And talk of all thy truth at night!

Like David's harp, of solemn sound. Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

How deep his counsels, how divine! How deep his counsels, how divine!

5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desired or wished below, And every power find sweet employ. In that eternal world of joy.

Truro. L. M.

Dr. Kuring.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song; Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue; Hosanna to the eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

5. Grace, 'tis a sweet; a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name; Ye angels, dwell upon the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

Andantiz.

Nazareth. L. M.

Verso.

Chorus

Webber

Return, my soul, and sweetly rest, On thy Almighty Father's breast. The bounties of his grace a-bound, And count his wondrous mercies over.

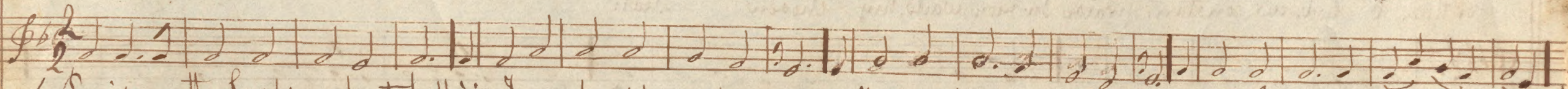
Inst.

Viol.

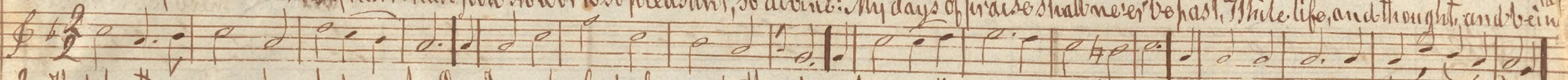
Bristol: ~~Antient~~ L. M.

Verse.

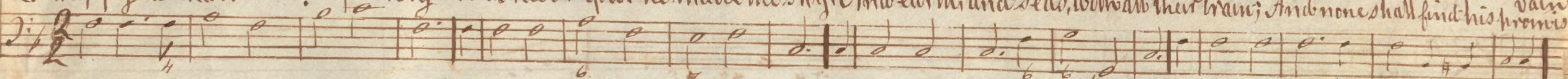
Inst.



1. Praise ye the Lord; my heart shall join In work so pleasant, so divine: My days of praise shall never be past, While life, and thought, and being last.



2. Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God: he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; And none shall find his promise vain.

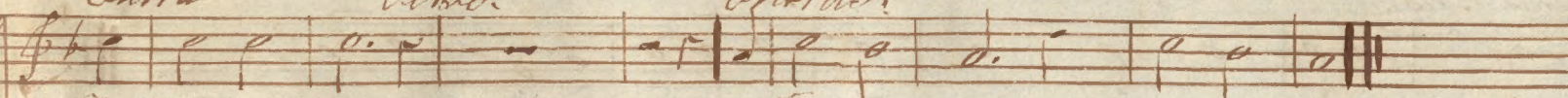


Chorus.

Verse.

Chorus.

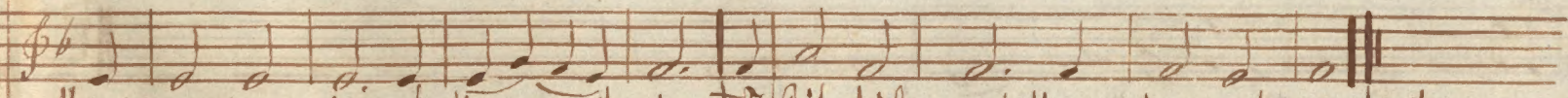
Inst.



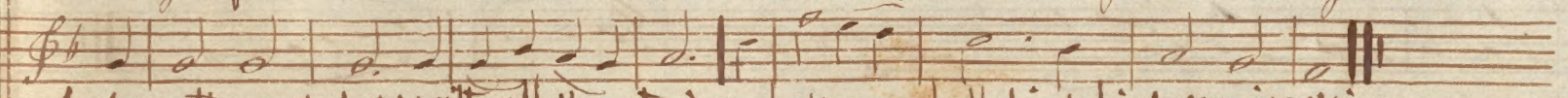
Voice.

Voice.

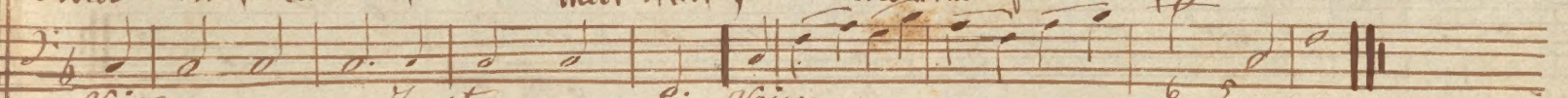
Voice.



My days of praise shall never be past, While life, and thought, and being last.



And earth, and seas, with all their train; And none shall find his promise vain.



Voice.

Inst.

Voice.

6

6

6

6

4

3

3

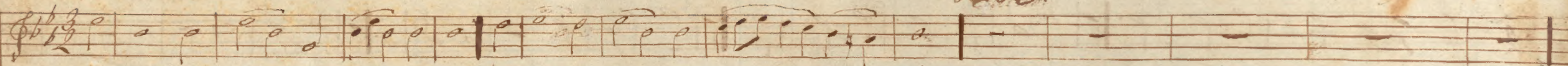
3. His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress.
The widow and the fatherless.

4. He loves the saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains,

Manchester L. M.

Verso.

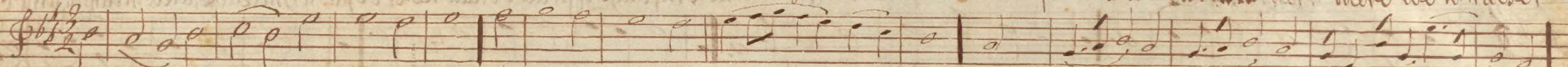
Dr. Hainwright.



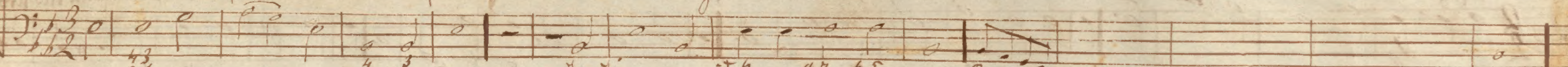
For thee, O God, our constant praise In Zion waits, thy chosen seat.



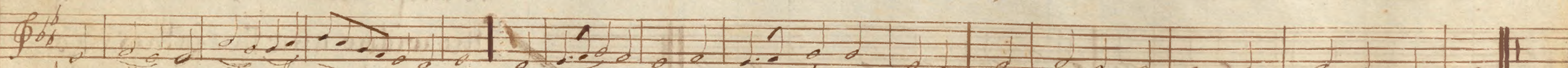
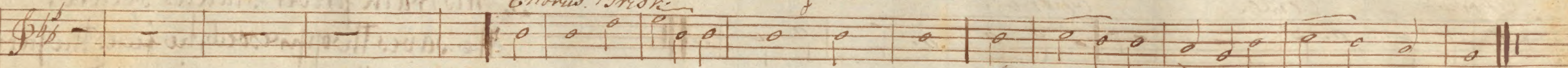
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat: Our promised altars there we'll raise,



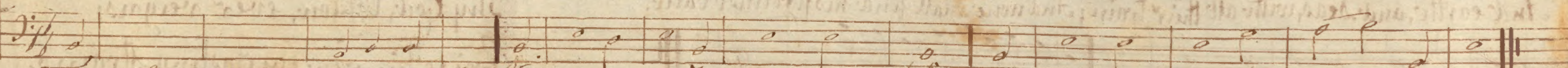
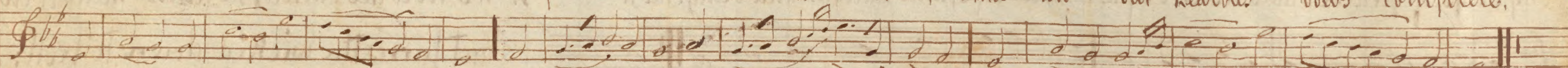
For thee, O God, our constant praise, In Zion waits, thy cho. sen seat.



In Zion waits, thy chosen seat: Organ. Chor. Brisk.



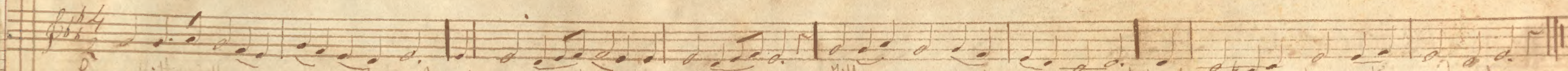
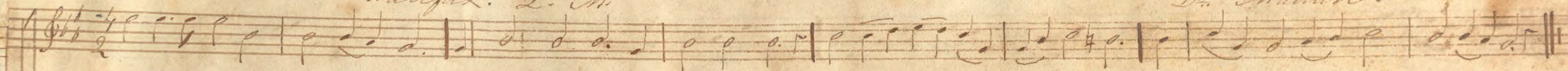
And all our zealous vows complete. Our promised altars there we'll raise, And all our zealous vows complete.



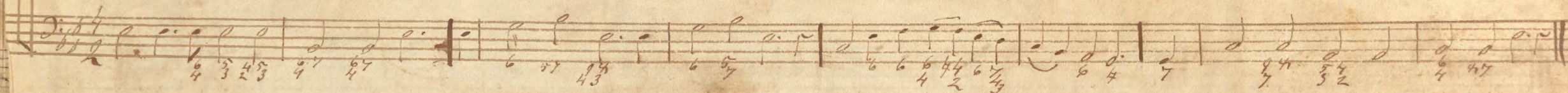
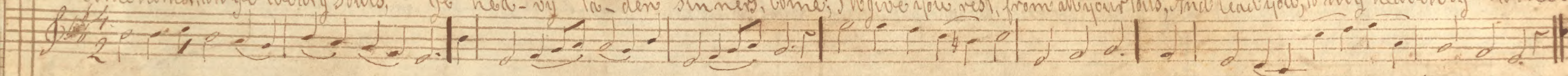
Voic 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 6 5 4 3 2 1 6 5 4 3 2 1

Walsley. L. M.

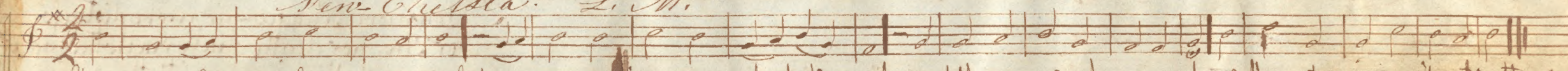
Dr. Madan.



Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest, from all your toils, And lead you, to my heavenly home.



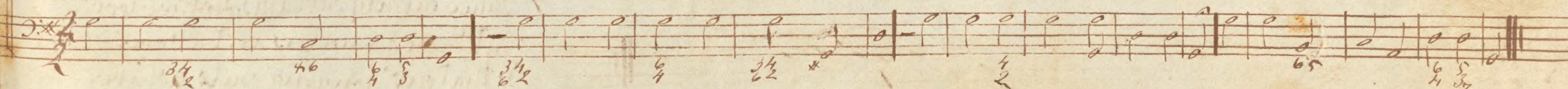
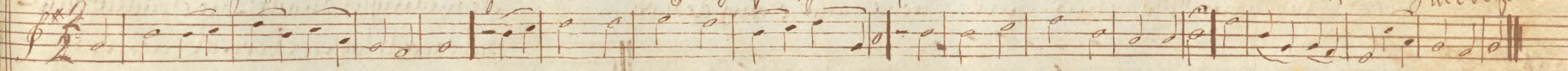
New Chelsea. L. M.



1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a repenting rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?



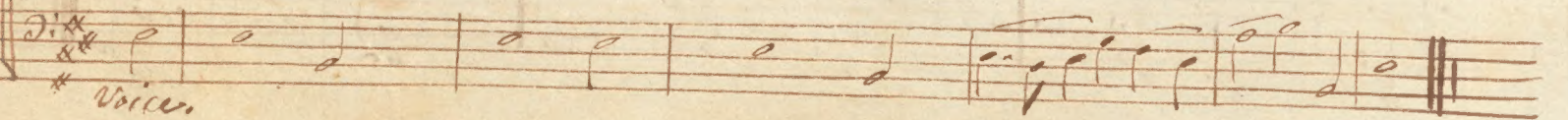
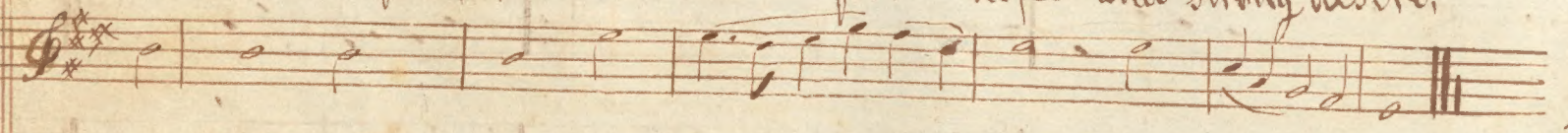
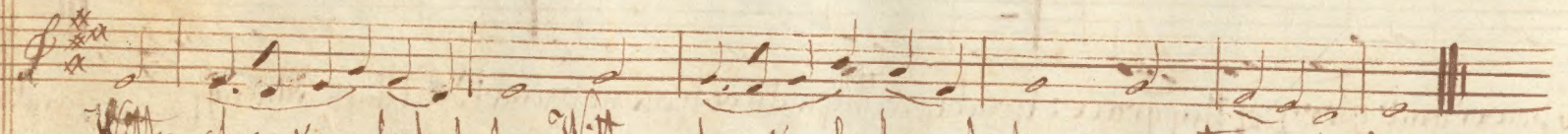
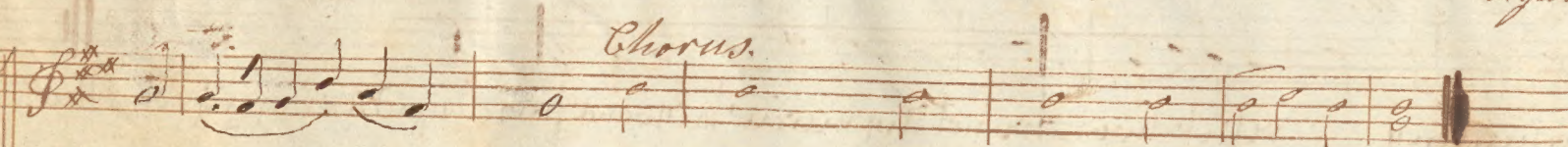
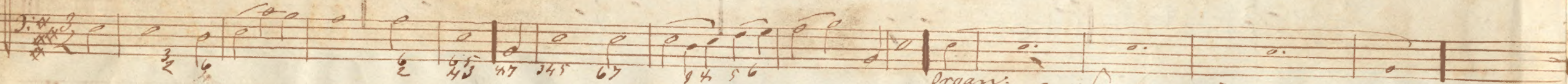
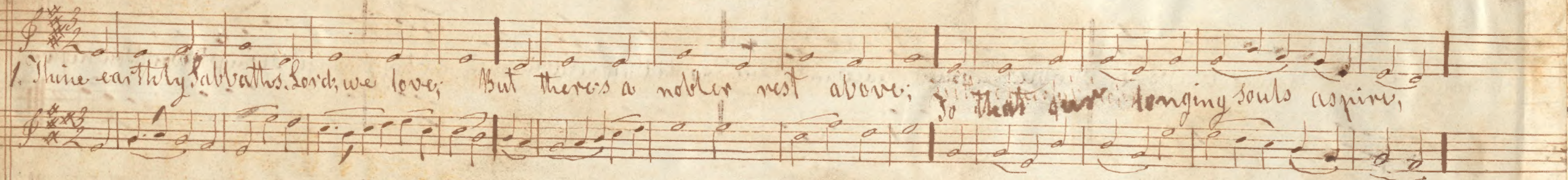
2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass The power and glory of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound; So let thy pardoning love be found.



Doventry. L. M.

Verse.

Lampson.



Organ.

2 No more fatigue - no more distress.
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
Nor groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade - no clouded sun -
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
So that our longing souls aspire,
With cheer, full hope, and strong desire.

Voices.